From Edward Everett Hale
of Boston College, to the
Pendleton Library, 1 Jan. 1910

P. Condé sculp.

Oh! Time has Changed me since you saw me last;
And heavy Hours with Time's deforming Hand,
Have written strange Defeatures in my Face.

Published May 15th 1797 by Cadell and Davies Strand.

Smith. 1797

ELEGIAC SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

Non t' appreſſar ove ſia riſo e canto
Canzone mio, nò, ma pianto:
Non fa per te di ſtar con gente allegra
Vedova ſconſolata, in veſta nigra.

PETRARCHA.

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1800.

D.

CONTENTS.

SONNETS.

ELEGIAC SONNETS.

SONNET LX.

TO AN AMIABLE GIRL.

MIRANDA! mark where ſhrinking from the gale,
Its ſilken leaves yet moiſt with early dew,
That fair faint flower, the Lily of the Vale,
Droops its meek head, and looks, methinks, like you!
Wrapp'd in a ſhadowy veil of tender green,
Its ſnowy bells a ſoft perfume diſpenſe,
And bending as reluctant to be ſeen,
In ſimple lovelineſs it ſooths the ſenſe.
With boſom bared to meet the gariſh day,
The glaring Tulip, gaudy, undiſmay'd,
Offends the eye of taſte; that turns away
To ſeek the Lily in her fragrant ſhade.
With ſuch unconſcious beauty, penſive, mild,
Miranda charms—Nature's ſoft modeſt child.

SONNET LXI.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN AMERICA.

ILL-omen'd bird! whoſe cries portentous float
O'er yon ſavannah with the mournful wind;
While, as the Indian hears your piercing note,
Dark dread of future evil fills his mind;
Wherefore with early lamentation break
The dear deluſive viſions of repoſe?
Why from ſo ſhort felicity awake
My wounded ſenſes to ſubſtantial woes?
O'er my ſick ſoul thus rous'd from tranſient reſt,
Pale Superſtition ſheds her influence drear,
And to my ſhuddering fancy would ſuggeſt
Thou com'ſt to ſpeak of every woe I fear.
Ah! Reaſon little o'er the ſoul prevails,
When, from ideal ill, the enfeebled ſpirit fails!

SONNET LXII.

WRITTEN ON PASSING BY MOON-LIGHT THROUGH A VILLAGE, WHILE THE GROUND WAS COVERED WITH SNOW.

WHILE thus I wander, cheerleſs and unbleſt,
And find in change of place but change of pain;
In tranquil ſleep the village labourers reſt,
And taſte that quiet I purſue in vain!
Huſh'd is the hamlet now, and faintly gleam
The dying embers, from the caſement low
Of the thatch'd cottage; while the Moon's wan beam
Lends a new luſtre to the dazzling ſnow.
O'er the cold waſte, amid the freezing night,
Scarce heeding whither, deſolate I ſtray;
For me, pale Eye of Evening, thy ſoft light
Leads to no happy home; *my* weary way
Ends but in ſad viciſſitudes of care:
I only fly from doubt—to meet deſpair!

SONNET LXIII.

THE GOSSAMER.

O'ER faded heath-flowers ſpun, or thorny furze,
The filmy Goſſamer is lightly ſpread;
Waving in every ſighing air that ſtirs,
As Fairy fingers had entwined the thread:
A thouſand trembling orbs of lucid dew
Spangle the texture of the fairy loom,
As if ſoft Sylphs, lamenting as they flew,
Had wept departed Summer's tranſient bloom:
But the wind riſes, and the turf receives
The glittering web:—So, evaneſcent, fade
Bright views that Youth with ſanguine heart believes:
So vaniſh ſchemes of bliſs, by Fancy made;
Which, fragile as the fleeting dews of morn,
Leave but the wither'd heath, and barren thorn!

SONNET LXIV.

WRITTEN AT BRISTOL IN THE SUMMER OF 1794.

HERE from the reſtleſs bed of lingering pain
The languid ſufferer ſeeks the tepid wave,
And feels returning health and hope again
Diſperſe "the gathering ſhadows of the grave!"
And here romantic rocks that boldly ſwell,
Fringed with green woods, or ſtain'd with veins of ore,
Call'd native Genius forth, whoſe Heav'n-taught ſkill
Charm'd the deep echos of the rifted ſhore.
But tepid waves, wild ſcenes, or ſummer air,
Reſtore they palſied Fancy, woe-depreſt?
Check they the torpid influence of Deſpair,
Or bid warm Health re-animate the breaſt;
Where Hope's ſoft viſions have no longer part,
And whoſe ſad inmate is—a broken heart?

SONNET LXV.

TO DR. PARRY OF BATH, WITH SOME BOTANIC DRAWINGS WHICH HAD BEEN MADE SOME YEARS.

IN happier hours, ere yet ſo keenly blew
  Adverſity's cold blight, and bitter ſtorms,
  Luxuriant Summer's evaneſcent forms,
And Spring's ſoft blooms with pencil light I drew:
But as the lovely family of flowers
  Shrink from the bleakneſs of the Northern blaſt,
  So fail from preſent care and ſorrow paſt
The ſlight botanic pencil's mimic powers—
Nor will kind Fancy even by Memory's aid,
  Her viſionary garlands now entwine;
Yet while the wreaths of Hope and Pleaſure fade,
  Still is one flower of deathleſs bloſſom mine,
That dares the lapſe of Time, and Tempeſt rude,
The unfading Amaranth of Gratitude.

SONNET LXVI.

WRITTEN IN A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT, ON THE COAST OF SUSSEX.

THE night-flood rakes upon the ſtony ſhore;
Along the rugged cliffs and chalky caves
Mourns the hoarſe Ocean, ſeeming to deplore
All that are buried in his reſtleſs waves—
Mined by corroſive tides, the hollow rock
Falls prone, and ruſhing from its turfy height,
Shakes the broad beach with long-reſounding ſhock,
Loud thundering on the ear of ſullen Night;
Above the deſolate and ſtormy deep,
Gleams the wan Moon, by floating miſt oppreſt;
Yet here while youth, and health, and labour ſleep,
Alone I wander—Calm untroubled reſt,
"Nature's ſoft nurſe," deſerts the ſigh-ſwoln breaſt,
And ſhuns the eyes, that only wake to weep!

SONNET LXVII.

ON PASSING OVER A DREARY TRACT OF COUNTRY, AND NEAR THE RUINS OF A DESERTED CHAPEL, DURING A TEMPEST.

SWIFT fleet the billowy clouds along the ſky,
Earth ſeems to ſhudder at the ſtorm aghaſt;
While only beings as forlorn as I,
Court the chill horrors of the howling blaſt.
Even round yon crumbling walls, in ſearch of food,
The ravenous Owl foregoes his evening flight,
And in his cave, within the deepeſt wood,
The Fox eludes the tempeſt of the night.
But to *my* heart congenial is the gloom
Which hides me from a World I wiſh to ſhun;
That ſcene where Ruin ſaps the mouldering tomb,
Suits with the ſadneſs of a wretch undone.
Nor is the deepeſt ſhade, the keeneſt air,
Black as my fate, or cold as my deſpair.

SONNET LXVIII.

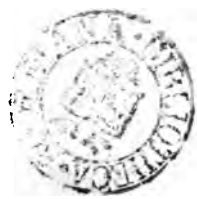
WRITTEN AT EXMOUTH, MIDSUMMER, 1795.

FALL, dews of Heaven, upon my burning breaſt,
Bathe with cool drops theſe ever-ſtreaming eyes;
Ye gentle Winds, that fan the balmy Weſt,
With the ſoft rippling tide of morning riſe,
And calm my burſting heart, as here I keep
The vigil of the wretched!—Now away
Fade the pale ſtars, as wavering o'er the deep
Soft roſy tints announce another day,
The day of Middle Summer!—Ah! in vain
To thoſe who mourn like me, does radiant June
Lead on her fragrant hours; for hopeleſs pain
Darkens with ſullen clouds the Sun of Noon,
And veil'd in ſhadows Nature's face appears
To hearts o'erwhelm'd with grief, to eyes ſuffuſed with tears.

SONNET LXIX.

WRITTEN AT THE SAME PLACE, ON SEEING A SEAMAN RETURN WHO HAD BEEN IMPRISONED AT ROCHFORT.

CLOUDS, gold and purple, o'er the weſtering ray
Threw a bright veil, and catching lights between,
Fell on the glancing ſail, that we had ſeen
With ſoft, but adverſe winds, throughout the day
Contending vainly: as the veſſel nears,
Encreaſing numbers hail it from the ſhore;
Lo! on the deck a pallid form appears,
Half wondering to behold himſelf once more
Approach his home—And now he can diſcern
His cottage thatch amid ſurrounding trees;
Yet, trembling, dreads leſt ſorrow or diſeaſe
Await him there, embittering his return:
But all he loves are ſafe; with heart elate,
Tho' poor and plunder'd, he abſolves his fate!



R. Corbould del. J. Heath R.A. sculp.

In moody Sadness on the giddy Brink
I view him more with Envy than with Fear.

Published May 15th 1797, by Cadell and Davies Strand.

SONNET LXX.

ON BEING CAUTIONED AGAINST WALKING ON AN HEADLAND OVERLOOKING THE SEA, BECAUSE IT WAS FREQUENTED BY A LUNATIC.

IS there a ſolitary wretch who hies
To the tall cliff, with ſtarting pace or flow,
And, meaſuring, views with wild and hollow eyes
Its diſtance from the waves that chide below;
Who, as the ſea-born gale with frequent ſighs
Chills his cold bed upon the mountain turf,
With hoarſe, half-utter'd lamentation, lies
Murmuring reſponſes to the daſhing ſurf?
In moody ſadneſs, on the giddy brink,
I ſee him more with envy than with fear;
He has no *nice felicities* that ſhrink
From giant horrors; wildly wandering here,
He ſeems (uncurſed with reaſon) not to know
The depth or the duration of his woe.

SONNET LXXI.

WRITTEN AT WEYMOUTH IN WINTER.

THE chill waves whiten in the ſharp North-eaſt;
Cold, cold the night-blaſt comes, with ſullen ſound;
And black and gloomy, like my cheerleſs breaſt,
Frowns the dark pier and lonely ſea-view round.
Yet a few months—and on the peopled ſtrand
Pleaſure ſhall all her varied forms diſplay;
Nymphs lightly tread the bright reflecting ſand,
And proud ſails whiten all the ſummer bay:
Then, for theſe winds that whiſtle keen and bleak,
Muſic's delightful melodies ſhall float
O'er the blue waters; but 'tis mine to ſeek
Rather, ſome unfrequented ſhade, remote
From ſights and ſounds of gaiety——I mourn
All that gave *me* delight——Ah! never to return!

SONNET LXXII.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA.

THEE! lucid arbiter 'twixt day and night,
The Seaman greets, as on the Ocean ſtream
Reflected, thy precurſive friendly beam
Points out the long-ſought haven to his ſight.

Watching for thee, the lover's ardent eyes
Turn to the eaſtern hills; and as above
Thy brilliance trembles, hails the lights that riſe
To guide his footſteps to expecting love!

I mark thee too, as night's dark clouds retire,
And thy bright radiance glances on the ſea;
But never more ſhall thy heraldic fire
Speak of approaching morn with joy to me!
Quench'd in the gloom of death that heavenly ray
Once lent to light me on my thorny way!

SONNET LXXIII.

TO A QUERULOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

THOU! whom Proſperity has always led
O'er level paths, with moſs and flow'rets ſtrewn;
For whom ſhe ſtill prepares a downy bed
With roſes ſcatter'd, and to thorns unknown,
Wilt thou yet murmur at a miſ-placed leaf?
Think, ere thy irritable nerves repine,
How many, born with feelings keen as thine,
Taſte all the ſad viciſſitudes of grief;
How many ſteep in tears their ſcanty bread;
Or, loſt to reaſon, Sorrow's victims! rave:
How many know not where to lay their head;
While ſome are driven by anguiſh to the grave!
Think; nor impatient at a feather's weight,
Mar the uncommon bleſſings of thy fate!

SONNET LXXIV.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

"SLEEP, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,"
Forſakes me, while the chill and ſullen blaſt,
As my ſad ſoul recalls its ſorrows paſt,
Seems like a ſummons, bidding me prepare
For the laſt ſleep of death—Murmuring I hear
The hollow wind around the ancient towers,
While night and ſilence reign; and cold and drear
The darkeſt gloom of Middle Winter lours;
But wherefore fear exiſtence ſuch as mine,
To change for long and undiſturb'd repoſe?
Ah! when this ſuffering being I reſign,
And o'er my miſeries the tomb ſhall cloſe,
By her, whoſe loſs in anguiſh I deplore,
I ſhall be laid, and feel that loſs no more!

SONNET LXXV.

WHERE the wild woods and pathleſs foreſts frown,
The darkling Pilgrim ſeeks his unknown way,
Till on the graſs he throws him weary down,
To wait in broken ſleep the dawn of day:
Thro' boughs juſt waving in the ſilent air,
With pale capricious light the Summer Moon
Chequers his humid couch; while Fancy there,
That loves to wanton in the Night's deep noon,
Calls from the moſſy roots and fountain edge
Fair viſionary Nymphs that haunt the ſhade,
Or Naiads riſing from the whiſpering ſedge;
And, 'mid the beauteous group, his dear loved maid
Seems beckoning him with ſmiles to join the train:
Then, ſtarting from his dream, he feels his woes again!

SONNET LXXVI.

TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE WORLD.

GO now, ingenuous Youth!—The trying hour
Is come: The World demands that thou ſhouldſt go
To active life: There titles, wealth and power
May all be purchas'd—Yet I joy to know
Thou wilt not pay their price. The baſe controul
Of petty deſpots in their pedant reign
Already haſt thou felt;—and high diſdain
Of Tyrants is imprinted on thy ſoul—
Not, where miſtaken Glory, in the field
Rears her red banner, be thou ever found;
But, againſt proud Oppreſſion raiſe the ſhield
Of Patriot daring——So ſhalt thou renown'd
For the beſt virtues *live*; or that denied
May'ſt die, as Hampden or as Sydney died!

SONNET LXXVII.

TO THE INSECT OF THE GOSSAMER.

SMALL, viewleſs Æronaut, that by the line
Of Goſſamer ſuſpended, in mid air
Float'ſt on a ſun beam—Living Atom, where
Ends thy breeze-guided voyage;—with what deſign
In Æther doſt thou launch thy form minute,
Mocking the eye?—Alas! before the veil
Of denſer clouds ſhall hide thee, the purſuit
Of the keen Swift may end thy fairy ſail!—
Thus on the golden thread that Fancy weaves
Buoyant, as Hope's illuſive flattery breathes,
The young and viſionary Poet leaves
Life's dull realities, while ſevenfold wreaths
Of rainbow-light around his head revolve.
Ah! ſoon at Sorrow's touch the radiant dreams
diſſolve!

SONNET LXXVIII.

SNOWDROPS.

WAN Heralds of the Sun and Summer gale!
That ſeem juſt fallen from infant Zephyrs' wing;
Not now, as once, with heart revived I hail
Your modeſt buds, that for the brow of Spring
Form the firſt ſimple garland—Now no more
Eſcaping for a moment all my cares,
Shall I, with penſive, ſilent ſtep, explore
The woods yet leafleſs; where to chilling airs
Your green and pencil'd bloſſoms, trembling, wave.
Ah! ye ſoft, tranſient children of the ground,
More fair was ſhe on whoſe untimely grave
Flow my unceaſing tears! Their varied round
The Seaſons go; while I through all repine:
For fixt regret, and hopeleſs grief are mine.

SONNET LXXIX.

TO THE GODDESS OF BOTANY.

OF Folly weary, ſhrinking from the view
Of Violence and Fraud, allow'd to take
All peace from humble life; I would forſake
Their haunts for ever, and, ſweet Nymph! with you
Find ſhelter; where my tired, and tear-ſwoln eyes,
Among your ſilent ſhades of ſoothing hue,
Your "bells and florets of unnumber'd dyes"
Might reſt—And learn the bright varieties
That from your lovely hands are fed with dew;
And every veined leaf, that trembling ſighs
In mead or woodland; or in wilds remote,
Or lurk with moſſes in the humid caves,
Mantle the cliffs, on dimpling rivers float,
Or ſtream from coral rocks beneath the Ocean waves.

SONNET LXXX.

TO THE INVISIBLE MOON.

DARK and conceal'd art thou, ſoft Evening's Queen,
And Melancholy's votaries that delight
To watch thee, gliding thro' the blue ſerene,
Now vainly ſeek thee on the brow of night—
Mild Sorrow, ſuch as Hope has not forſook,
May love to muſe beneath thy ſilent reign;
But *I* prefer from ſome ſteep rock to look
On the obſcure and fluctuating main,
What time the martial ſtar with lurid glare,
Portentous, gleams above the troubled deep;
Or the red comet ſhakes his blazing hair;
Or on the fire-ting'd waves the lightnings leap;
While thy fair beams illume another ſky,
And ſhine for beings leſs accurſt than I.

SONNET LXXXI.

HE may be envied, who with tranquil breaſt
Can wander in the wild and woodland ſcene,
When Summer's glowing hands have newly dreſt
The ſhadowy foreſts, and the copſes green;
Who, unpurſued by care, can paſs his hours
Where briony and woodbine fringe the trees,
On thymy banks repoſing, while the bees
Murmur "their fairy tunes in praiſe of flowers;"
Or on the rock with ivy clad, and fern
That overhangs the oſier-whiſpering bed
Of ſome clear current, bid his wiſhes turn
From this bad world; and by calm reaſon led,
Knows, in refined retirement, to poſſeſs
By friendſhip hallow'd—rural happineſs!

SONNET LXXXII.

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

MUTE is thy wild harp, now, O Bard ſublime!
Who, amid Scotia's mountain ſolitude,
Great Nature taught to "build the lofty rhyme,"
And even beneath the daily preſſure, rude,
Of labouring Poverty, thy generous blood,
Fired with the love of freedom—Not ſubdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing Paraſite is beſt approved,
Was not for thee—Indignantly is fled
Thy noble Spirit; and no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Aſſociate worthy of the illuſtrious dead,
Enjoys with them "the Liberty it loved."

SONNET LXXXIII.

THE SEA VIEW.

THE upland Shepherd, as reclined he lies
On the ſoft turf that clothes the mountain brow,
Marks the bright Sea-line mingling with the ſkies;
Or from his courſe celeſtial, ſinking ſlow,
The Summer-Sun in purple radiance low,
Blaze on the weſtern waters; the wide ſcene
Magnificent, and tranquil, ſeems to ſpread
Even o'er the Ruſtic's breaſt a joy ſerene,
When, like dark plague-ſpots by the Demons ſhed,
Charged deep with death, upon the waves, far ſeen,
Move the war-freighted ſhips; and fierce and red,
Flaſh their deſtructive fires—The mangled dead
And dying victims then pollute the flood.
Ah! thus man ſpoils Heaven's glorious works with blood!

SONNET LXXXIV.

TO THE MUSE.

WILT thou forſake me who in life's bright May
Lent warmer luſtre to the radiant morn;
And even o'er Summer ſcenes by tempeſts torn,
Shed with illuſive light the dewy ray
Of penſive pleaſure?—Wilt thou, while the day
Of ſaddening Autumn cloſes, as I mourn
In languid, hopeleſs ſorrow, far away
Bend thy ſoft ſtep, and never more return?—
Cruſh'd to the earth, by bitereſt anguiſh preſt,
From my faint eyes thy graceful form recedes;
Thou canſt not heal an heart like mine that bleeds;
But, when in quiet earth that heart ſhall reſt,
Haply may'ſt thou one ſorrowing vigil keep,
Where Pity and Remembrance bend and weep!

SONNET LXXXV.

THE fairest flowers are gone! for tempests fell,
And with wild wing swept some unblown away,
While on the upland lawn or rocky dell
More faded in the day-star's ardent ray;
And scarce the copse, or hedge-row shade beneath,
Or by the runnel's grassy course, appear
Some lingering blossoms of the earlier year,
Mingling bright florets, in the yellow wreath
That Autumn with his poppies and his corn
Binds on his tawny temples——So the schemes
Rais'd by fond Hope in youth's unclouded morn,
While sanguine youth enjoys delusive dreams,
Experience withers; till scarce one remains
Flattering the languid heart, where only Reason reigns!

SONNET LXXXVI.

WRITTEN NEAR A PORT ON A DARK EVENING.

HUGE vapours brood above the clifted ſhore,
Night on the Ocean ſettles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercuſſive roar
Of drowſy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or ſtill more diſtant tone
Of ſeamen in the anchor'd bark that tell
The watch reliev'd; or one deep voice alone
Singing the hour, and bidding "Strike the bell,"
All is black ſhadow, but the lucid line
Mark'd by the light ſurf on the level ſand,
Or where afar the ſhip-lights faintly ſhine
Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Miſlead the Pilgrim——Such the dubious ray
That wavering Reaſon lends, in life's long darkling way.

SONNET LXXXVII.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

THE blafts of Autumn as they ſcatter round
The faded foliage of another year,
And muttering many a ſad and ſolemn ſound,
Drive the pale fragments o'er the ſtubble ſere,
Are well attuned to my dejected mood;
(Ah! better far than airs that breathe of Spring!)
While the high rooks, that hoarſely clamouring
Seek in black phalanx the half-leafleſs wood,
I rather hear, than that enraptured lay
Harmonious, and of Love and Pleaſure born,
Which from the golden furze, or flowering thorn
Awakes the Shepherd in the ides of May;
Nature delights *me* moſt when moſt ſhe mourns,
For never more to me the Spring of Hope returns!

SONNET LXXXVIII.

NEPENTHE.

OH! for imperial Polydamna's art,
Which to bright Helen was in Egypt taught,
To mix with magic power the oblivious draught
Of force to ſtaunch the bleeding of the heart,
And to Care's wan and hollow cheek impart
The ſmile of happy youth, uncurſed with thought.
Potent indeed the charm that could appeaſe
Affection's ceaſeleſs anguiſh, doom'd to weep
O'er the cold grave; or yield even tranſient eaſe
By ſoothing buſy Memory to ſleep!
—Around me thoſe who ſurely muſt have tried
Some charm of equal power, I daily ſee,
But ſtill to *me* Oblivion is denied,
There's no Nepenthe, now, on earth for me.

SONNET LXXXIX.

TO THE SUN.

WHETHER awaken'd from unquiet reſt
I watch "the opening eyelids of the Morn,"
When thou, O Sun! from Ocean's ſilver'd breaſt
Emerging, bidſt another day be born—
Or whether in thy path of cloudleſs blue,
Thy noontide fires I mark with dazzled eyes;
Or to the Weſt thy radiant courſe purſue,
Veil'd in the gorgeous broidery of the ſkies,
Celeſtial lamp! thy influence bright and warm
That renovates the world with life and light
Shines not for me—for never more the form
I loved—ſo fondly loved, ſhall bleſs my ſight;
And nought thy rays illumine, *now* can charm
My miſery, or to day convert my night!

SONNET XC.

TO OBLIVION.

FORGETFULNESS! I would thy hand could close
These eyes that turn reluctant from the day;
So might this painful consciousness decay,
And, with my memory, end my careless woes.
Sister of Chaos and eternal Night!
Oblivion! take me to thy quiet reign,
Since robb'd of all that gave my soul delight,
I only ask exemption from the pain
Of knowing "such things were"—and are no more;
Of dwelling on the hours for ever fled,
And heartless, helpless, hopeless to deplore
"Pale misery living, joy and pleasure dead:"
While dragging thus unwish'd a length of days,
"Death seems prepared to strike, yet still delays."

SONNET XCI.

REFLECTIONS ON SOME DRAWINGS OF PLANTS.

I CAN in groups thefe mimic flowers compofe,
Thefe bells and golden eyes, embathed in dew;
Catch the foft blufh that warms the early Rofe,
Or the pale Iris cloud with veins of blue;
Copy the fcallop'd leaves, and downy ftems,
And bid the pencil's varied fhades arreft
Spring's humid buds, and Summer's mufky gems:
But, fave the portrait on my bleeding breaft,
I have no femblance of that form adored,
That form, expreffive of a foul divine,
So early blighted; and while life is mine,
With fond regret, and ceafelefs grief deplored—
That grief, my angel! with too faithful art
Enfhrines thy image in thy Mother's heart.

SONNET XCII.

WRITTEN AT BIGNOR PARK IN SUSSEX,
IN AUGUST, 1799.

LOW murmurs creep along the woody vale,
The tremulous Aſpens ſhudder in the breeze,
Slow o'er the downs the leaden vapours ſail,
While I, beneath theſe old paternal trees,
Mark the dark ſhadows of the threaten'd ſtorm,
As gathering clouds o'erveil the morning ſun;
They paſs!—But oh! ye viſions bright and warm
With which even here my ſanguine youth begun,
Ye are obſcured for ever!—And too late
The poor Slave ſhakes the unworthy bonds away
Which cruſh'd her!—Lo! the radiant ſtar of day
Lights up this lovely ſcene anew—My fate
Nor hope nor joy illumines—Nor for me
Return thoſe roſy hours which here I uſed to ſee!

THE DEAD BEGGAR.

AN ELEGY,

Addreſſed to a LADY, who was affected at ſeeing the Funeral of a nameleſs Pauper, buried at the Expence of the Pariſh, in the Church-Yard at Brighthelmſtone, in November 1792.

SWELLS then thy feeling heart, and ſtreams thine eye
O'er the deſerted being, poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant, Pariſh Charity
Conſigns to mingle with his kindred mold?

Mourn'ſt thou, that *here* the time-worn ſufferer ends
Thoſe evil days ſtill threatening woes to come;
Here, where the friendleſs feel no want of friends,
Where even the houſeleſs wanderer finds an home?

What tho' no kindred croud in ſable forth,
And ſigh, or ſeem to ſigh, around his bier;
Tho' o'er his coffin with the humid earth
No children drop the unavailing tear?

Rather rejoice that *here* his ſorrows ceaſe,
Whom ſickneſs, age, and poverty oppreſs'd;
Where Death, the Leveller, reſtores to peace
The wretch who living knew not where to reſt.

Rejoice, that tho' an outcaſt ſpurn'd by Fate,
Thro' penury's rugged path his race he ran;
In earth's cold boſom, equall'd with the great,
Death vindicates the inſulted rights of Man.

Rejoice, that tho' ſevere his earthly doom,
  And rude, and ſown with thorns the way he trod,
Now, (where unfeeling Fortune cannot come)
  He reſts upon the mercies of his God.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE IN NOV. 1792.

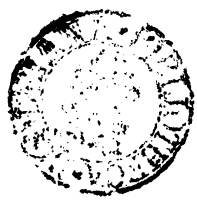
NOVEMBER's chill blaſt on the rough beach is howling,
The ſurge breaks afar, and then foams to the ſhore,
Dark clouds o'er the ſea gather heavy and ſcowling,
And the white cliffs re-echo the wild wintry roar.

Beneath that chalk rock, a fair ſtranger reclining,
Has found on damp ſea-weed a cold lonely ſeat;
Her eyes fill'd with tears, and her heart with repining,
She ſtarts at the billows that burſt at her feet.

There, day after day, with an anxious heart heaving,
She watches the waves where they mingle with air;
For the ſail which, alas! all her fond hopes deceiving,
May bring only tidings to add to her care.

Looſe ſtream to wild winds thoſe fair flowing treſſes,
Once woven with garlands of gay Summer flowers;
Her dreſs unregarded, beſpeaks her diſtreſſes,
And beauty is blighted by grief's heavy hours.

Her innocent children, unconſcious of ſorrow,
To ſeek the gloſs'd ſhell, or the crimſon weed ſtray;
Amuſed with the preſent, they heed not to-morrow,
Nor think of the ſtorm that is gathering to day.



Engraved by J. Neagle from a Drawing by the Right Hon. the Countess of Berborough.

The gilt fairy Ship, with its ribbon sail spreading;
They launch on the salt Pool the tide left behind,
Ah victims for whom their sad Mother is dreading,
The multiplied Miseries that wait on Mankind.

Published May 15th 1797 by Cadell and Davies Strand.

The gilt, fairy ſhip, with its ribbon-ſail ſpreading,
They launch on the ſalt pool the tide left behind;
Ah! victims—for whom *their* ſad mother is dreading
The multiplied miſeries that wait on mankind!

To fair fortune born, ſhe beholds them with anguiſh,
Now wanderers with her on a once hoſtile ſoil,
Perhaps doom'd for life in chill penury to languiſh,
Or abject dependance, or ſoul-cruſhing toil.

But the ſea-boat, her hopes and her terrors renewing,
O'er the dim grey horizon now faintly appears;
She flies to the quay, dreading tidings of ruin,
All breathleſs with haſte, half expiring with fears.

Poor mourner!—I would that my fortune had left me
The means to alleviate the woes I deplore;
But like thine my hard fate has of affluence bereft me,
I can warm the cold heart of the wretched no more!

WRITTEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF A DISTRESSED PLAYER, DETAINED AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE FOR DEBT, NOVEMBER 1792.

WHEN in a thouſand ſwarms, the Summer o'er,
The birds of paſſage quit our Engliſh ſhore,
By various routs the feather'd myriad moves;
The *Becca-ſica* ſeeks Italian groves,
No more a *Wheat-ear;* while the ſoaring files
Of ſea-fowl gather round the Hebrid-iſles.

But if by bird-lime touch'd, unplum'd, confined,
Some poor ill-fated ſtraggler ſtays behind,
Driven from his tranſient perch, beneath your eaves
On his unſhelter'd head the tempeſt raves,
While drooping round, redoubling every pain,
His *Mate* and Neſtlings aſk his help in vain.

So we, the buſkin and the ſock who wear,
And "ſtrut and fret," our little ſeaſon here,
Diſmiſs'd at length, as Fortune bids divide—
Some (lucky rogues!) ſit down on Thames's ſide;
Others to Liffy's weſtern banks proceed,
And ſome—driven far a-field, acroſs the Tweed:
But, pinion'd here, alas! I cannot fly:
The *hapleſs, unplumed*, lingering ſtraggler I!
Unleſs the healing pity you beſtow,
Shall imp my ſhatter'd wings—and let me go.

Hard is *his* fate, whom evil ſtars have led
To ſeek in ſcenic art *precarious* bread,
While ſtill, thro' wild viciſſitudes afloat,
An Hero now, and now a *Sans Culotte!*
That eleemoſinary bread he gains
Mingling—with real diſtreſſes—mimic pains.

See in our group, a pale, lank Falſtaff ſtare!
Much needs he ſtuffing:—while young Ammon there
Rehearſes—in a garret—ten feet ſquare!
And as his ſoft *Statira* ſighs conſent,
Roxana comes not—but a dun for rent!
Here ſhivering Edgar, in his blanket roll'd,
Exclaims—with too much reaſon, "*Tom's a-cold!*"
And vainly tries his ſorrows to divert,
While *Goneril* or *Regan*—waſh his ſhirt!

Lo! freſh from Calais, Edward! mighty king!
Revolves—a mutton chop upon a ſtring!
And Hotſpur, plucking "honour from the moon,"
Feeds a *ſick infant* with a pewter ſpoon!

More bleſt the Fiſher, who undaunted braves
In his ſmall bark, the impetuous winds and waves;

For though he plough the ſea when others ſleep,
He draws, like Glendower, ſpirits from the deep!
And while the ſtorm howls round, amidſt his trouble,
Bright *moonſhine* ſtill illuminates the cobble!
Pale with her fears for him, ſome fair *Poiſſarde*,
Watches his nearing boat; with fond regard
Smiles when ſhe ſees his little canvas handing,
And claſps her dripping lover on his landing.

More bleſt the *Peaſant*, who, with nervous toil
Hews the rough oak, or breaks the ſtubborn ſoil:
Weary, indeed, he ſees the evening come,
But then, the rude, yet tranquil hut, his home,
Receives its ruſtic inmate; then are his,
Secure repoſe, and dear domeſtic bliſs!
The orchard's bluſhing fruit, the garden's ſtore,
The pendant hop, that mantles round the door,

Are his :—and while the cheerful faggots burn,
" His lifping children hail their fire's return !"

But wandering Players, " unhoufel'd, unanneal'd,"
And unappointed, fcour life's common field,
A flying fquadron !—difappointments crofs 'em,
And the campaign concludes, perhaps, at Horfham !

Oh ! ye, whofe timely bounty deigns to fhed
Compaffion's balm upon my lucklefs head,
Benevolence, with warm and glowing breaft,
And foft, celeftial mercy, doubly bleft !
Smile on the generous act !—where means are given,
To aid the wretched is—to merit Heaven.

INSCRIPTION

On a Stone, in the Church-Yard at BOREHAM, in ESSEX; raiſed by the Honourable ELIZABETH OLMIUS, to the Memory of ANN GARDNER, who died at NEW HALL, after a faithful Service of Forty Years.

WHATE'ER of praiſe, and of regret attend
The grateful Servant, and the humble friend,
Where ſtrict integrity and worth unite
To raiſe the lowly in their Maker's ſight,
Are her's; whoſe faithful ſervice, long approved,
Wept by the Miſtreſs whom thro' life ſhe loved.
Here ends her earthly taſk; in joyful truſt
To ſhare the eternal triumph of the Juſt.

A

DESCRIPTIVE ODE,

Suppoſed to have been written under the Ruins of RUFUS's Caſtle, among the remains of the ancient Church on the Iſle of PORTLAND.

CHAOTIC pile of barren ſtone,
That Nature's hurrying hand has thrown,
  Half-finiſh'd, from the troubled waves;
On whoſe rude brow the rifted tower
Has frown'd, thro' many a ſtormy hour,
  On this drear ſite of tempeſt-beaten graves.

Sure Deſolation loves to ſhroud
His giant form within the cloud
That hovers round thy rugged head;
And as thro' broken vaults beneath,
The future ſtorms low-muttering breathe,
Hears the complaining voices of the dead.

Here marks the Fiend with eager eyes,
Far out at ſea the fogs ariſe
That dimly ſhade the beacon'd ſtrand,
And liſtens the portentous roar
Of ſullen waves, as on the ſhore,
Monotonous, they burſt, and tell the ſtorm at hand.

Northward the Demon's eyes are caſt,
O'er yonder bare and ſterile waſte,
Where, born to hew and heave the block,
Man, loſt in ignorance and toil,
Becomes aſſociate to the ſoil,
And his heart hardens like his native rock:

On the bleak hills, with flint o'erſpread,
No bloſſoms rear the purple head;
No ſhrub perfumes the Zephyrs' breath,
But o'er the cold and cheerleſs down
Grim Deſolation ſeems to frown,
Blaſting the ungrateful ſoil with partial death.

Here the ſcathed trees with leaves half-dreſt,
Shade no ſoft ſongſter's ſecret neſt,
Whoſe ſpring-notes ſoothe the penſive ear;
But high the croaking cormorant flies,
And mews and awks with clamorous cries
Tire the lone echos of theſe caverns drear.

Perchance among the ruins grey
Some widow'd mourner loves to ſtray,
Marking the melancholy main
Where once, afar ſhe could diſcern
O'er the white waves *his* ſail return
Who never, never now, returns again!

On thefe lone tombs, by ftorms up-torn,
The hopelefs wretch may lingering mourn,
  Till from the ocean, rifing red,
The mifty Moon with lurid ray
Lights her, reluctant, on her way,
  To fteep in tears her folitary bed.

Hence the dire Spirit oft furveys
The fhip, that to the weftern bays
  With favouring gales purfues its courfe;
Then calls the vapour dark that blinds
The pilot—calls the felon winds
  That heave the billows with refiftlefs force.

Commixing with the blotted ſkies,
High and more high the wild waves riſe,
  Till, as impetuous torrents urge,
Driven on yon fatal bank accurſt,
The veſſel's maſſy timbers burſt,
  And the crew ſinks beneath the infuriate ſurge.

There find the weak an early grave,
While youthful ſtrength the whelming wave
  Repels; and labouring for the land,
With ſhorten'd breath and upturn'd eyes,
Sees the rough ſhore above him riſe,
  Nor dreams that rapine meets him on the ſtrand.

And are there then in human form
Monſters more ſavage than the ſtorm,
  Who from the gaſping ſufferer tear
The dripping weed?—who dare to reap
The inhuman harveſt of the deep,
  From half-drown'd victims whom the tempeſts ſpare?

Ah! yes! by avarice once poſſeſt,
No pity moves the ruſtic breaſt;
  Callous he proves—as thoſe who haply wait
Till I (a pilgrim weary worn)
To my own native land return,
  With legal toils to drag me to my fate!

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE NEW FOREST, IN EARLY SPRING.

As in the woods, where leathery lichen weaves
Its wint'ry web among the ſallow leaves,
Which (thro' cold months in whirling eddies blown)
Decay beneath the branches once their own,
From the brown ſhelter of their foliage ſear,
Spring the young blooms that lead the floral year:
When, waked by vernal ſuns, the Pilewort dares
Expand her ſpotted leaves, and ſhining ſtars;
And (veins empurpling all her taſſels pale)
Bends the ſoft Wind-flower in the tepid gale;
Uncultured bells of azure Jacinths blow,
And the breeze-ſcenting Violet lurks below

So views the wanderer, with delighted eyes,
Reviving hopes from black deſpondence riſe,
When, blighted by Adverſity's chill breath,
Thoſe hopes had felt a temporary death ;
Then with gay heart he looks to future hours,
When Love ſhall dreſs for him the Summer bowers!
And, as delicious dreams enchant his mind,
Forgets his ſorrows paſt, or gives them to the wind.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

"AH! ſay," the fair Louiſa cried,
" Say where the abode of Love is found?"
Pervading Nature, I replied,
His influence ſpreads the world around.
When Morning's arrowy beams ariſe,
He ſparkles in the enlivening ray,
And bluſhes in the glowing ſkies
When roſy Evening fades away.

II.

The Summer winds that gently blow,
The flocks that bleat along the glades,
The nightingale, that ſoft and low,
With muſic fills the liſtening ſhades:

The murmurs of the ſilver ſurf
All echo-Love's enchanting notes,
From Violets lurking in the turf,
His balmy breath thro' æther floats.

III.

From perfumed flowers and dewy leaves
Delicious ſcents he bids exhale,
He ſmiles amid Autumnal ſheaves,
And clothes with green the graſſy vale;
But when that throne the God aſſumes
Where his moſt powerful influence lies,
'Tis on Louiſa's cheek he blooms,
And lightens from her radiant eyes!

APOSTROPHE

TO

AN OLD TREE.

WHERE thy broad branches brave the bitter North,
Like rugged, indigent, unheeded, worth,
Lo! Vegetation's guardian hands emboſs
Each giant limb with fronds of ſtudded moſs,
Clothing the bark with many a fringed fold
Begemm'd with ſcarlet ſhields and cups of gold,
Which, to the wildeſt winds their webs oppoſe,
And mock the arrowy fleet, or weltering ſnows.
—But to the warmer *Weſt* the Woodbine fair
With taſſels that perfumed the Summer air,

The mantling Clematis, whoſe feathery bowers
Waved in feſtoons with Nightſhade's purple flowers,
The ſilver weed, whoſe corded fillets wove
Round thy pale rind, even as deceitful love
Of mercenary beauty would engage
The dotard fondneſs of decrepit age;
All theſe, that during Summer's halcyon days
With their green canopies conceal'd thy ſprays,
Are gone for ever; or disfigured, trail
Their ſallow relics in the Autumnal gale;
Or o'er thy roots, in faded fragments toſt,
But tell of happier hours, and ſweetneſs loſt!
—Thus in Fate's trying hour, when furious ſtorms
Strip ſocial life of Pleaſure's fragile forms,

And aweful *Juſtice*, as his rightful prey
Tears Luxury's ſilk, and jewel'd robe, away,
While reads *Adverſity* her leſſon ſtern,
And *Fortune*'s minions tremble as they learn;
The crouds around her gilded car that hung,
Bent the lithe knee, and troul'd the honey'd tongue,
Deſponding fall, or fly in pale deſpair;
And *Scorn* alone remembers that they were.
Not ſo *Integrity*; unchanged he lives
In the rude armour conſcious Honor gives,
And dares with hardy front the troubled ſky,
In Honeſty's uninjured panoply.
Ne'er on Proſperity's enfeebling bed
Or roſy pillows, he repoſed his head,

But given to uſeful arts, his ardent mind
Has ſought the general welfare of mankind;
To mitigate *their* ills his greateſt bliſs,
While ſtudying *them*, has taught him *what he is*:
He, when the human tempeſt rages worſt,
And the earth ſhudders as the thunders burſt,
Firm, as thy northern branch, is rooted faſt,
And if he can't *avert*, endures the blaſt.

THE

FOREST BOY.

THE trees have now hid at the edge of the hurſt
The ſpot where the ruins decay
Of the cottage, where Will of the Woodlands was nurſed
And lived ſo beloved, till the moment accurſt
When he went from the woodland away.

Among all the lads of the plough or the fold,
Beſt eſteem'd by the ſober and good,
Was Will of the Woodlands; and often the old
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold
Was William the Boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he, as the breath of the May,
And when ſick and declining was laid
The Woodman his father, young William away
Would go to the foreſt to labour all day,
And perform his hard taſk in his ſtead,

And when his poor father the foreſter died,
And his mother was ſad, and alone,
He toil'd from the dawn, and at evening he hied
In ſtorm or in ſnow, or whate'er might betide,
To ſupply all her wants from the town.

One neighbour they had on the heath to the weſt,
And no other the cottage was near,
But ſhe would ſend Phœbe, the child ſhe loved beſt,
To ſtay with the widow, thus ſad and diſtreſt,
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of wild roſes, the cheeks of the maid
Were juſt tinted with youth's lovely hue,
Her form like the aſpen, ſoft graces diſplay'd,
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks ſtray'd,
As the ſkies of the Summer were blue!

Still labouring to live, yet reflecting the while,
  Young William conſider'd his lot ;
'Twas hard, yet 'twas honeſt ; and one tender ſmile
From Phœbe at night overpaid ev'ry toil,
  And then all his fatigues were forgot.

By the brook where it glides thro' the copſe of Arbeal,
  When to eat his cold fare he reclined,
Then ſoft from her home his ſweet Phœbe would ſteal
And bring him wood-ſtrawberries to finiſh his meal,
  And would ſit by his ſide while he dined.

And tho' when employ'd in the deep foreſt glade,
His days have ſeem'd ſlowly to move,
Yet Phœbe going home, thro' the wood-walk has ſtray'd
To bid him good night!—and whatever ſhe ſaid
Was more ſweet than the voice of the dove.

Fair Hope, that the lover ſo fondly believes,
Then repeated each ſoul-ſoothing ſpeech,
And touch'd with illuſion, that often deceives
The future with light; as the ſun thro' the leaves
Illumines the boughs of the beech.

But once more the tempeſts of chill Winter blow,
  To depreſs and disfigure the earth;
And now ere the dawn, the young Woodman muſt go
To his work in the foreſt, half buried in ſnow,
  And at night bring home wood for the hearth.

The bridge on the heath by the flood was waſh'd down,
  And faſt, faſt fell the ſleet and the rain,
The ſtream to a wild rapid river was grown,
And long might the widow ſit ſighing alone
  Ere ſweet Phœbe could ſee her again.

At the town was a market—and now for ſupplies
  Such as needed their humble abode,
Young William went forth ; and his mother with ſighs
Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,
  Till he turn'd thro' the fields, to the road.

Then darkneſs came on ; and ſhe heard with affright
  The wind riſe every moment more high ;
She look'd from the door ; not a ſtar lent its light,
But the tempeſt redoubled the gloom of the night,
  And the rain fell in floods from the ſky.

The clock in her cottage now mournfully told
  The hours that went heavily on;
'Twas midnight; her ſpirits ſunk hopeleſs and cold,
For the wind ſeem'd to ſay as in loud guſts it roll'd,
  That long, long would her William be gone.

Then heart-ſick and faint to her ſad bed ſhe crept,
  Yet firſt made up the fire in the room
To guide his dark ſteps; but ſhe liſten'd and wept,
Or if for a moment forgetful ſhe ſlept,
  She ſoon ſtarted!—and thought he was come.

'Twas morn; and the wind with an hoarſe ſullen moan
Now ſeem'd dying away in the wood,
When the poor wretched mother ſtill drooping, alone,
Beheld on the threſhold a figure unknown,
In gorgeous apparel who ſtood.

"Your ſon is a ſoldier," abruptly cried he,
"And a place in our corps has obtain'd,
"Nay, be not caſt down; you perhaps may ſoon ſee
"Your William a captain! he now ſends by me
"The purſe he already has gain'd."

So William entrapp'd 'twixt perſuaſion and force,
  Is embark'd for the iſles of the Weſt,
But he ſeem'd to begin with ill omens his courſe,
And felt recolleſtion, regret, and remorſe
  Continually weigh on his breaſt.

With uſeleſs repentance he eagerly eyed
  The high coaſt as it faded from view,
And ſaw the green hills, on whoſe northernmoſt ſide
Was his own ſylvan home: and he falter'd and cried
  "Adieu! ah! for ever adieu!

" Who now, my poor mother, thy life ſhall ſuſtain,
" Since thy ſon has thus left thee forlorn ?
" Ah ! canſt thou forgive me ? And not in the pain
" Of this cruel deſertion, of William complain,
" And lament that he ever was born ?

" Sweet Phœbe !—if ever thy lover was dear,
" Now forſake not the cottage of woe,
" But comfort my mother ; and quiet her fear,
" And help her to dry up the vain fruitleſs tear
" That too long for my abſence will flow.

" Yet what if my Phœbe another ſhould wed,
" And lament her loſt William no more?"
The thought was too cruel; and anguiſh ſoon ſped
The dart of diſeaſe——With the brave numerous dead
He has fall'n on the plague-tainted ſhore.

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,
The high graſs now waves over the ſpot
Where the mother of William, unable to bear
His loſs, who to her widow'd heart was ſo dear,
Has both him and her ſorrows forgot.

By the brook where it winds thro' the wood of Arbeal,
Or amid the deep foreſt, to moan,
The poor wandering Phœbe will ſilently ſteal;
The pain of her boſom no reaſon can heal,
And ſhe loves to indulge it alone.

Her ſenſes are injured; her eyes dim with tears;
By the river ſhe ponders; and weaves
Reed garlands, againſt her dear William appears,
Then breathleſsly liſtens, and fancies ſhe hears
His light ſtep in the half-wither'd leaves.

R. Corbould del. J. Heath R.A. sc.

By the Brook where it winds thro' the wood of Arbeals,
Or amid the deep Forest to moan,
The poor wandering Phœbe will silently steal,

Published May 15th 1797 by Cadell and Davies Strand.

Ah! ſuch are the miſeries to which ye give birth,
Ye cold ſtateſmen! unknowing a ſcar;
Who from pictured ſaloon, or the bright ſculptured hearth,
Diſperſe deſolation and death thro' the earth,
When ye let looſe the demons of war.

ODE
TO THE POPPY.

WRITTEN BY A DECEASED FRIEND.

NOT for the promiſe of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harveſts yield,
I bend at Ceres' ſhrine;
For dull, to humid eyes, appear
The golden glories of the year,
A far more melancholy worſhip's mine.

I hail the goddeſs for her ſcarlet flower !
Thou brilliant weed,
That doſt ſo far exceed
The richeſt gifts gay Flora can beſtow :
Heedleſs I paſs'd thee in life's morning hour,
(Thou comforter of woe)
Till ſorrow taught me to confeſs thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A varied wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant ſweets,
To deck ungrateful Love :
The roſe, or thorn, my labours crown'd,
As Venus ſmiled, or Venus frown'd ;

But Love, and Joy, and all their train, are flown;
E'en languid Hope no more is mine,
And I will ſing of thee alone,
Unleſs, perchance, the attributes of Grief,
The cypreſs bud, and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely bloſſom!—thou canſt eaſe
The wretched victims of Diſeaſe;
Canſt cloſe thoſe weary eyes in gentle ſleep,
Which never open but to weep;
For, oh! thy potent charm
Can agonizing Pain diſarm;
Expel imperious Memory from her ſeat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

R. Corbould del. J. Neagle sculp

Hail, lovely Blossom! — thou canst ease,
The wretched Victim of Disease;
Canst close those weary Eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep;

Published May 15th 1797. by Cadell and Davies Strand.

Soul-ſoothing plant! that can ſuch bleſſings give,
By thee the mourner bears to live!
By thee the hopeleſs die!
Oh! ever "friendly to deſpair,"
Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime, *that* remedy implore,
Which bids the ſpirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy *palliative* aid no more;

No more I'd ſue that thou ſhould'ſt ſhed
A tranſient calm upon my aching head,
But rather would conjure thee to impart
Thy ſovereign balſam for a broken heart;
And by thy dear Lethean power,
(Ineſtimable flower)
Burſt theſe terreſtrial bonds, and other regions try.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME LADY ON SEEING HER TWO SONS AT PLAY.

SWEET age of bleſt deluſion! blooming boys,
Ah! revel long in childhood's thoughtleſs joys,
With light and pliant ſpirits that can ſtoop
To follow, ſportively, the rolling hoop;
To watch the ſleeping top with gay delight,
Or mark, with raptured gaze, the ſailing kite;
Or, eagerly purſuing Pleaſure's call,
Can find it center'd in the bounding ball!
Alas! the day *will* come, when ſports like theſe
Muſt loſe their magic, and their power to pleaſe;
Too ſwiftly fled, the roſy hours of youth
Shall yield their fairy-charms to mournful Truth;

Even now, a mother's fond prophetic fear
Sees the dark train of human ills appear;
Views various fortune for each lovely child,
Storms for the bold, and anguiſh for the mild;
Beholds already thoſe expreſſive eyes
Beam a ſad certainty of future ſighs;
And dreads each ſuffering thoſe dear breaſts may know
In their long paſſage through a world of woe;
Perchance predeſtined every pang to prove,
That treacherous friends inflict, or faithleſs love;
For, ah! how few have found exiſtence ſweet,
Where grief is ſure, but happineſs deceit!

VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME LADY, WRITTEN IN SEPTEMBER, 1794.

LIKE a poor ghoſt the night I ſeek;
Its hollow winds repeat my ſighs;
The cold dews mingle on my cheek
With tears that wander from mine eyes.

The thorns that ſtill my couch moleſt,
Have robb'd theſe heavy eyes of ſleep;
But tho' deprived of tranquil reſt,
I here at leaſt am free to weep.

Twelve times the moon, that rifes red
O'er yon tall wood of fhadowy pine,
Has fill'd her orb, fince low was laid
My Harriet! that fweet form of thine!

While each fad month, as flow it paft,
Brought fome new forrow to deplore;
Some grief more poignant than the laft,
But thou canft calm thofe griefs no more.

No more thy friendfhip fooths to reft
This wearied fpirit tempeft-toft;
The cares that weigh upon my breaft
Are doubly felt, fince thou art loft.

Bright viſions of ideal grace
That the young poet's dreams inflame,
Were not more lovely than thy face;
Were not more perfect than thy frame.

Wit, that no ſufferings could impair,
Was thine, and thine thoſe mental powers
Of force to chaſe the fiends that tear
From Fancy's hands her budding flowers.

O'er what, my angel friend, thou wert,
Dejected Memory loves to mourn;
Regretting ſtill that tender heart,
Now withering in a diſtant urn!

But ere that wood of ſhadowy pine
  Twelve times ſhall yon full orb behold,
This ſickening heart, that bleeds for thine,
  My Harriet !—may like thine be cold !

FRAGMENT,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE MISERIES OF WAR; FROM A POEM CALLED "THE EMIGRANTS," PRINTED IN 1793.

TO a wild mountain, whoſe bare ſummit hides
Its broken eminence in clouds; whoſe ſteeps
Are dark with woods; where the receding rocks
Are worn with torrents of diſſolving ſnow;
A wretched woman, pale and breathleſs, flies,
And, gazing round her, liſtens to the ſound
Of hoſtile footſteps:—No! they die away—
Nor noiſe remains, but of the cataract,
Or ſurly breeze of night, that mutters low
Among the thickets, where ſhe trembling ſeeks
A temporary ſhelter—Claſping cloſe
To her quick throbbing heart her ſleeping child,

All ſhe could reſcue of the innocent group
That yeſterday ſurrounded her—Eſcaped
Almoſt by miracle!—Fear, frantic Fear,
Wing'd her weak feet; yet, half repenting now
Her headlong haſte, ſhe wiſhes ſhe had ſtaid
To die with thoſe affrighted Fancy paints
The lawleſs ſoldiers' victims——Hark! again
The driving tempeſt bears the cry of Death;
And with deep, ſudden thunder, the dread ſound
Of cannon vibrates on the tremulous earth;
While, burſting in the air, the murderous bomb
Glares o'er her manſion—Where the ſplinters fall
Like ſcatter'd comets, its deſtructive path
Is mark'd by wreaths of flame!—Then, overwhelm'd

Beneath accumulated horror, ſinks

The deſolate mourner!

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The feudal Chief, whoſe Gothic battlements

Frown on the plain beneath, returning home

From diſtant lands, alone, and in diſguiſe,

Gains at the fall of night his caſtle walls;

But, at the ſilent gate no porter ſits

To wait his lord's admittance!—In the courts

All is drear ſtillneſs!—Gueſſing but too well

The fatal truth, he ſhudders as he goes

Thro' the mute hall; where, by the blunted light

That the dim Moon thro' painted caſement lends,
He ſees that devaſtation has been there;
Then, while each hideous image to his mind
Riſes terrific, o'er a bleeding corſe
Stumbling he falls; another intercepts
His ſtaggering feet—All! all who uſed to ruſh
With joy to meet him, all his family
Lie murder'd in his way!—And the day dawns
On a wild raving Maniac, whom a fate
So ſudden and calamitous has robb'd
Of reaſon; and who round his vacant walls
Screams unregarded, and reproaches Heaven!

APRIL.

GREEN o'er the copſes Spring's ſoft hues are
ſpreading,
High wave the Reeds in the tranſparent floods,
The Oak its ſear and ſallow foliage ſhedding,
From their moſs'd cradles ſtart its infant buds.

Pale as the tranquil tide of Summer's ocean,
The Willow now its ſlender leaf unveils;
And thro' the ſky with ſwiftly fleeting motion,
Driven by the wind, the rack of April ſails.

Then, as the guſt declines, the ſtealing ſhowers
  Fall freſh and noiſeleſs; while at cloſing day
The low Sun gleams on moiſt and half-blown flowers
  That promiſe garlands for approaching May.

Bleſt are yon peaſant children, ſimply ſinging,
  Who thro' the new-ſprung graſs rejoicing rove;
More bleſt! to whom the *Time*, fond thought is bringing,
  Of friends expected, or returning love.

The penſive wanderer bleſt, to whom reflection
  Points out ſome future views that ſooth his mind;
Me how unlike!—whom cruel recollection
  But tells of comfort I ſhall never find!

Hope, that on Nature's youth is ſtill attending,
No more to me her ſyren ſong ſhall ſing;
Never to *me* her influence extending,
Shall I again enjoy the days of Spring!

Yet, how I loved them once theſe ſcenes remind me,
When light of heart, in childhood's thoughtleſs mirth,
I reck'd not that the cruel lot aſſign'd me
Should make me curſe the hour that gave me birth!

Then, from thy wild-wood banks, Aruna! roving,
Thy thymy downs with ſportive ſteps I ſought,
And Nature's charms, with artleſs tranſport loving,
Sung like the birds, unheeded and untaught.

But now the Springtide's pleaſant hours returning,
  Serve to awaken me to ſharper pain ;
Recalling ſcenes of agony and mourning,
  Of baffled hope and prayers preferr'd in vain.

Thus ſhone the Sun, his vernal rays diſplaying,
  Thus did the woods in early verdure wave,
While dire Diſeaſe on all I loved was preying,
  And flowers ſeem'd riſing but to ſtrew her grave!

Now, 'mid reviving blooms, I coldly languiſh,
  Spring ſeems devoid of joy to me alone;
Each ſound of pleaſure aggravates my anguiſh,
  And ſpeaks of beauty, youth, and ſweetneſs gone!

Yet, as ſtern Duty bids, with faint endeavour
I drag on life, contending with my woe,
Tho' conſcious Miſery ſtill repeats, that never
My ſoul one pleaſureable hour ſhall know.

Loſt in the tomb, when Hope no more appeaſes
The feſter'd wounds that prompt the eternal ſigh,
Grief, the moſt fatal of the heart's diſeaſes,
Soon teaches, whom it faſtens on, to die.

The wretch undone, for pain alone exiſting,
The abject dread of Death ſhall ſure ſubdue,
And far from his deciſive hand reſiſting,
Rejoice to bid a world like this adieu!

ODE TO DEATH.

FRIEND of the wretched! wherefore ſhould the eye
Of blank Deſpair, whence tears have ceaſed to flow,
Be turn'd from thee?—Ah! wherefore fears to die
He, who compell'd each poignant grief to know,
Drains to its loweſt dregs the cup of woe?

Would Cowardice poſtpone thy calm embrace,
To linger out long years in torturing pain?
Or not prefer thee to the ills that chaſe
Him, who too much impoveriſh'd to obtain
From BRITISH THEMIS *right*, implores her aid in vain!

Sharp goading Indigence who would not fly,
That urges toil the exhauſted ſtrength above?
Or ſhun the *once* fond friend's *averted* eye?
Or who to *thy* aſylum not remove,
To loſe the waſting pain of unrequited love?

Can then the wounded wretch who muſt deplore
What moſt ſhe loved, to thy cold arms conſign'd,
Who hears the voice that ſooth'd her ſoul no more,
Fear *thee*, O Death!—Or hug the chains that bind
To joyleſs, cheerleſs life, her ſick, reluctant mind?

Oh! Miſery's Cure; who e'er in pale diſmay
  Has watch'd the angel form they could not ſave,
And ſeen their deareſt bleſſing torn away,
  May well the terrors of *thy* triumph brave,
  Nor pauſe in fearful dread before the opening grave!

STANZAS

FROM THE NOVEL CALLED "THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER."

AH! think'ſt thou, Laura, then, that wealth
Should make me thus my youth, and health,
And freedom and repoſe reſign?—
Ah, no!—I toil to gain by ſtealth
One look, one tender glance of thine.

Born where huge hills on hills are piled,
In Caledonia's diſtant wild,
Unbounded Liberty was mine:
But thou upon my hopes haſt ſmiled,
And bade me be a ſlave of thine!

Amid theſe gloomy haunts of gain,
Of weary hours I not complain,
While Hope forbids me to repine,
And whiſpering tells me I obtain
Pity from that ſoft heart of thine.

Tho' far capricious Fortune flies,
Yet Love will bleſs the ſacrifice,
And all his purer joys combine;
While I my little world compriſe
In that fair form, and fairer ſoul of thine.

TO THE WINDS.

FIRST PRINTED IN "THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER."

YE vagrant Winds! yon clouds that bear
Thro' the blue defart of the air,
  Soft failing in the Summer fky,
Do e'er your wandering breezes meet
A wretch in mifery fo complete,
                So loft as I?

And yet, where'er your pinions wave
O'er fome loft friend's—fome lover's grave,
  Surviving fufferers ftill complain;
Some parent of his hopes deprived,
Some wretch who has himfelf furvived,
                Lament in vain.

Blow where ye lift on this ſad earth,
Some ſoul-corroding care has birth,
And Grief in all her accents ſpeaks;
Here dark Dejection groans, and there
Wild Phrenzy, daughter of Deſpair,
Unconſcious ſhrieks.

Ah! were it Death had torn apart
The tie that bound him to my heart,
Tho' fatal ſtill the pang would prove;
Yet had it ſoothed this bleeding breaſt
To know, I had till then poſſeſt
Hillario's love.

And where his dear, dear aſhes ſlept,
Long nights and days I then had wept,
Till by ſlow-mining Grief oppreſt
As Memory fail'd, its vital heat
This wayward heart had loſt, and beat
Itſelf to reſt.

But ſtill Hillario lives, to prove
To ſome more happy maid his love!
Hillario at her feet I ſee!
His voice ſtill murmurs fond deſire,
Still beam his eyes with lambent fire,
But not for me!

Ah! words, my boſom's peace that ſtole,
Ah! looks, that won my melting ſoul;
Who dares your dear deluſion try,
In dreams may all Elyſium ſee,
Then undeceiv'd, awake, like me,
Awake and die.

Like me, who now abandon'd, loſt,
Roam wildly on the rocky coaſt,
With eager eyes the ſea explore;
But hopeleſs watch and vainly rave,
Hillario o'er the weſtern wave
Returns no more!

Yet, go forgiven, Hillario go,
Such anguiſh may you never know
As that which checks my labouring breath;
Pain ſo ſevere not long endures,
And I have ſtill my choice of cures,
Madneſs or death.

TO VESPER.

FROM THE SAME.

THOU! who behold'ſt with dewy eye
  The ſleeping leaves and folded flowers,
And hear'ſt the night-wind lingering ſigh
  Thro' ſhadowy woods and twilight bowers;
Thou waſt the ſignal once that ſeem'd to ſay,
Hillario's beating heart reproved my long delay.

I ſee thy emerald luſtre ſtream
  O'er theſe rude cliffs and cavern'd ſhore;
But here, oriſons to thy beam
  The woodland chantreſs pours no more;
Nor I, as once, thy lamp propitious hail,
Seen indiſtinct thro' tears; confus'd, and dim, and pale.

Soon ſhall thy arrowy radiance ſhine
  On the broad ocean's reſtleſs wave,
Where this poor cold ſwoln form of mine
  Shall ſhelter in its billowy grave,
Safe from the ſcorn the World's ſad outcaſts prove,
Unconſcious of the pain of ill-requited Love.

LYDIA.

O'ER the high down the night-wind blew,
And as it chill and howling paſt,
The Juniper and ſcathed Yew
Shrunk from the bitter blaſt.

Yet on the ſea-mark's chalky height,
The rude memorial of the Dane,
Thro' many a drear and ſtormy night
Had haplefs Lydia lain.

When I a lonely wanderer too,
Who loved to climb and gaze around,
Even as the Autumnal Sun withdrew,
The poor forlorn one found.

"Ah! wherefore, maiden, ſit you ſo,
"The cold wind raving round your breaſt,
"While in the villages below
"All are retired to reſt?

"The fires are out, no lights appear
"But the red flames of burning lime,
"None but the Horſeman's ghoſt is here
"At this pale evening time."

With wild yet vacant eye, the maid
Gazed on me, and a mournful ſmile
On her wan ſunken features play'd,
As thus ſhe ſpoke the while:

"Yes, to their beds my friends are gone,
"They have no grief; they ſlumber ſoon;
"But 'tis for me to wait alone
"To meet the midnight Moon.

" The Moon will rife anon, and trace
" Her filver pathway on the fea ;
" I faw it from this very place,
" When Edward went from me.

" Tho' like a mift the Horfeman's ghoft
" From yon deep dell I often fee,
" Glide o'er the mountain to the coaft,
" It gives no fear to me.

" I rather dread the clouds that rife
" Like towers and turrets from afar,
" And fwelling high, obfcure the fkies,
" And every fhining ftar.

" For then I can no longer trace
" That long bright pathway in the fea,
" Where Edward bade me mark the place
" When laft he went from me!

" 'Twas here, when loth to go, he gave
" To his poor Girl his laſt adieu;
" He mark'd the moonlight on the wave,
" And bade me mark it too.

" And, Lydia!—then he ſighing cried,
" When the tenth time that light ſo clear
" Shine on the Sea—whate'er betide,
" Thy Edward will be here.

" Since then I watch with eager eyes,
(" Nor feel I cold, or wind or rain,)
" Till the tenth bleſſed moon ariſe,
" And Edward comes again."

" Ah, wretched Girl!" I would have cried,
But why awaken her to pain?
" Long ſince thy wandering Lover died,
" The moon returns in vain!

" Tho' with her wane, thy viſions fade,
" Yet hopeſt thou, till again ſhe ſhine ?"
———The hopes of half the World, poor Maid!
Are not more rational than thine!

QUOTATIONS, NOTES, AND EXPLANATIONS.

SONNET LXI.

Line 1.

Ill-omen'd bird, whoſe cries portentous float,

This Sonnet, firſt inſerted in the Novel called the Old Manor Houſe, is founded on a ſuperſtition attributed (vide Bertram's Travels in America) to the Indians, who believe that the cry of this night-hawk (Caprimulgus Americanus) portends ſome evil, and when they are at war, aſſert that it is never heard near their tents or habitations but to announce the death of ſome brave warrior of their tribe, or ſome other calamity.

SONNET LXII.

Firſt publiſhed in the ſame work.

SONNET LXIII.

Line 1.

O'er faded heath-flowers ſpun, or thorny furze.

The web, charged with innumerable globules of bright dew, that is frequently on heaths and commons in autumnal mornings, can hardly have eſcaped the obſervation of any lover of nature—The ſlender web of the field ſpider is again alluded to in Sonnet lxxvii.

SONNET LXIV.

Firſt printed in the Novel of "The Baniſhed Man."

SONNET LXV.

To the excellent friend and Phyſician to whom theſe lines are addreſſed, I was obliged for the kindeſt

attention, and for the recovery from one dangerous illneſs of that beloved child whom a few months afterwards his ſkill and moſt unremitted and diſintereſted exertions could not ſave!

SONNET LXVI.

Written on the coaſt of Suſſex during very tempeſtuous weather in December 1791, but firſt publiſhed in the Novel of Montalbert.

SONNET LXVII.

Printed in the ſame work.

SONNET LXX.

Line 11.

He has "no nice felicities that ſhrink."

"'Tis delicate felicity that ſhrinks
"When rocking winds are loud."

Walpole.

SONNET LXXII.

Line 1.

Thee! "lucid arbiter 'twixt day and night."

Milton.

SONNET LXXIII.

Line 5.

"Wilt thou yet murmur at a mifplaced leaf?"

From a ftory (I know not where told) of a faftidious being, who on a bed of rofe leaves complained that his or her reft was deftroyed becaufe one of thofe leaves was doubled.

SONNET LXXIV.

Line 1.

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd fleeve of care."

Shakfpeare.

Line 5.

Murmuring I hear
The hollow wind around the ancient towers.

Theſe lines were written in a reſidence among ancient public buildings.

SONNET LXXV.

Firſt publiſhed in the Novel of Marchmont.

SONNET LXXVI.

Line 5.

The baſe controul
Of petty deſpots in their pedant reign
Already haſt thou felt ;—

This was not addreſſed to my ſon, who ſuffered with many others in an event which will long be remembered by thoſe parents who had ſons at a certain public ſchool, in 1793, but to another young man, not *compelled* as he was, in conſequence of that diſmiſſion, to abandon the faireſt proſpects of his future life.

SONNET LXXVII.

Line 1.

Small viewleſs æronaut, &c. &c.

The almoſt imperceptible threads floating in the air, towards the end of Summer or Autumn, in a ſtill evening, ſometimes are ſo numerous as to be felt on the face and hands. It is on theſe that a minute ſpecies of ſpider convey themſelves from place to place; ſometimes riſing with the wind to a great height in the air. Dr. Liſter, among other naturaliſts, remarked theſe inſects. "To fly they cannot ſtrictly be ſaid, they being "carried into the air by external force; but they can, "in caſe the wind ſuffer them, ſteer their courſe, per-"haps mount and deſcend at pleaſure: and to the "purpoſe of rowing themſelves along in the air, it is "obſervable that they ever take their flight backwards, "that is, their head looking a contrary way like a ſcul-"ler upon the Thames. It is ſcarcely credible to what "height they will mount; which is yet preciſely true,

" and a thing eafily to be obferved by one that fhall
" fix his eye fome time on any part of the heavens,
" the white web, at a vaft diftance, very diftinctly
" appearing from the azure fky—But this is in Au-
" tumn only, and that in very fair and calm weather."

From the Encyclop. Brit.

Dr. Darwin, whofe imagination fo happily applies every object of Natural Hiftory to the purpofes of Poetry, makes the Goddefs of Botany thus direct her Sylphs—

" Thin clouds of Goffamer in air difplay,
" And hide the vale's chafte lily from the ray."

Thefe filmy threads form a part of the equipage of Mab :

" Her waggon fpokes are made of fpiders legs,
" The cover of the wings of grafshoppers,
" The traces of the fmalleft fpider's web."

Juliet, too, in anxiouſly waiting for the ſilent arrival of her lover, exclaims,

——Oh! ſo light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the Goſſamer
That idles in the wanton Summer air,
And yet not fall—

SONNET LXXIX.

TO THE GODDESS OF BOTANY.

"Rightly to ſpell," as Milton wiſhes, in *Il Penſeroſo*,

"Of every herb that ſips the dew,"

ſeems to be a reſource for the ſick at heart—for thoſe who from ſorrow or diſguſt may without affectation ſay

"Society is nothing to one not ſociable!"

and whoſe wearied eyes and languid ſpirits find relief and repoſe amid the ſhades of vegetable nature.—

I cannot now turn to any other purſuit that for a moment ſooths my wounded mind.

" Je pris gout a cette récreation des yeux, qui dans " l'infortune, repoſe, amuſe, diſtrait l'eſprit, et ſuſ- " pend le ſentiment des peines."

Thus ſpeaks the ſingular, the unhappy Rouſſeau, when in his " Promenades " he enumerates the cauſes that drove him from the ſociety of men, and occaſioned his purſuing with renewed avidity the ſtudy of Botany. " I was," ſays he, " Forcé de m'abſtenir de penſer, de " peur de penſer a mes malheurs malgré moi; forcé " de contenir les reſtes d'une imagination riante, mais " languiſſante, que tant d'angoiſſes pourroient effarou- " cher a la fin—"

Without any pretenſions to thoſe talents which were in him ſo heavily taxed with that exceſſive irritability, too often if not always the attendant on

genius, it has been my misfortune to have endured real calamities that have diſqualified me for finding any enjoyment in the pleaſures and purſuits which occupy the generality of the world. I have been engaged in contending with perſons whoſe cruelty has left ſo painful an impreſſion on my mind, that I may well ſay

" Brillantes fleurs, émail des prés ombrages frais,
" boſquets, verdure, venez purifier mon imagination
" de tous ces hideux objets !"

Perhaps, if any ſituation is more pitiable than that which compels us to wiſh to eſcape from the common buſineſs and forms of life, it is that where the ſentiment is forcibly felt, while it cannot be indulged; and where the ſufferer, chained down to the diſcharge of duties from which the wearied ſpirit recoils, feels like the wretched Lear, when Shakſpeare makes him exclaim

" Oh! I am bound upon a wheel of fire,
" Which my own tears do ſcald like melted lead."

SONNET LXXX.

TO THE INVISIBLE MOON.

I know not whether this is correctly expreſſed—I ſuſpect that it is not—What I mean, however, will ſurely be underſtood—I addreſs the Moon when not viſible at night in our hemiſphere.

" The Sun to me is dark,
" And ſilent as the Moon
" When ſhe deſerts the night,
" Hid in her ſecret interlunar cave."

Milton. Sampſ. Agon.

SONNET LXXXI.

Firſt printed in a Publication for the uſe of Young Perſons, called " Rambles Farther."

Line 6.

Where *briony* and woodbine fringe the trees.

Briony, Bryonia dioica, foliis palmatis, &c. White Briony, growing plentifully in woods and hedges, and twifting around taller plants.

Line 8.

" Murmur their fairy tunes in praife of flowers,"

A line taken, *I believe*, from a Poem called " Vacuna," printed in Dodfley's collection.

SONNET LXXXII.

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Whoever has tafted the charm of original genius fo evident in the compofition of this genuine Poet,

A Poet " of nature's own creation,"

cannot furely fail to lament his unhappy life, (latterly paffed, as I have underftood, in an employment to which fuch a mind as his muft have been averfe,) nor

his premature death. For one, herſelf made the object of *ſubſcription*, is it proper to add, that whoever *has* thus been delighted with the wild notes of the Scottiſh bard, muſt have a melancholy pleaſure in relieving by their benevolence the unfortunate family he has left?

Line 14.

"Enjoys the liberty it loved—"

Pope.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Line 1.

The upland ſhepherd, as reclined he lies.

Suggeſted by the recollection of having ſeen, ſome years ſince, on a beautiful evening of Summer, an engagement between two armed ſhips, from the high down called the Beacon Hill, near Brighthelmſtone.

SONNET LXXXIV.

Line 13.

Haply may'ſt thou one ſorrowing vigil keep,
Where Pity and Remebrance *bend and weep.*

" Where melancholy friendſhip bends and weeps."

Gray.

SONNETS LXXXV, LXXXVI, LXXXVII.

Firſt printed in a novel called " The Young Philoſopher."

SONNET LXXXVIII.

NEPENTHE.

Of what nature this Nepenthe was, has ever been a matter of doubt and diſpute. See *Wakefield*'s note to *Pope*'s Odyſſey, Book iv, verſe 302.

But the paſſage here alluded to runs thus:

" Meanwhile with genial joy to warm the ſoul
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl,

Temper'd with drugs, of ſovereign uſe t'aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful fluices of deſpair;
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Tho' on the blazing pile his father lay,
Or a loved brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet a mangled corſe,
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranced would view the deathful ſcene:
Theſe drugs ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife."

Milton thus ſpeaks of it in Comus:

"Behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his cryſtal bounds!
Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of ſuch power as this to ſtir up joy,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.

SONNET LXXXIX.

"I woke, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night."

Milton.

SONNET XC.

"See miſery living, hope and pleaſure dead."

Sir Brook Boothby.

"Death ſeems prepared, yet ſtill delays to ſtrike."

Thomas Warton.

THE DEAD BEGGAR.

I have been told that I have incurred blame for having uſed in this ſhort compoſition, terms that have become obnoxious to certain perſons. Such remarks are hardly worth notice; and it is very little my ambition to obtain the ſuffrage of thoſe who ſuffer party prejudice to influence their taſte; or of thoſe who deſire that becauſe they have themſelves done it, every one elſe ſhould be willing to ſell their beſt birth-rights, the liberty of thought, and of expreſſing thought, for the *promiſe* of a meſs of pottage.

It is ſurely not too much to ſay, that in a country like ours, where ſuch immenſe ſums are annually raiſed for the poor, there ought to be ſome regulation which ſhould prevent any miſerable deſerted being from periſhing through want, as too often happens to ſuch objects as that on whoſe interment theſe ſtanzas were written.

It is ſomewhat remarkable that a circumſtance exactly ſimilar is the ſubject of a ſhort poem called the Pauper's Funeral, in a volume lately publiſhed by Mr. Southey.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

This little Poem, of which a ſketch firſt appeared in blank verſe in a Poem called "The Emigrants," was ſuggeſted by the ſight of the group it attempts to deſcribe—a French lady and her children. The drawing from which the print is taken I owe to the taſte

and talents of a lady, whoſe pencil has beſtowed the higheſt honor this little book can boaſt.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR A PLAYER.

Line 4.

The Becca-fica ſeeks Italian groves,
No more a Wheat-ear—

From an idea that the Wheat-ear is the Becca-fica of Italy, which I doubt.

Page 34. Line 14.

An hero now, and now a *ſans culotte.*

At that time little elſe was talked of.

Page 36. Line 1.

For tho' he plough the ſea when others ſleep,
He draws like Glendower ſpirits from the deep.

Glen. " I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep."

Hotſp. " But will they come when you do call for
" them ?"

Shakſpeare.

The *ſpirits* that animate the night voyages of the Suſſex fiſhermen are often ſunk in their kegs on any alarm from the Cuſtom-Houſe officers; and being attached to a buoy, the adventurers go out when the danger of detection is over, and draw them up. A coarſe ſort of white brandy which they call *moonſhine*, is a principal article of this illegal commerce.

Page 45. Line 2.

His liſping children hail their ſire's return.

" No children run to liſp their ſire's return."

Gray.

Page 45. Line 6.

And the campaign concludes, perhaps, at Horſham!

At Horſham is the county jail.

Page 45. Line 10.

And ſoft celeſtial mercy, doubly bleſt.

———" It is twice bleſſed,
" It bleſſeth him that gives and him that takes."

Shakſpeare.

DESCRIPTIVE ODE.

The ſingular ſcenery here attempted to be deſcribed, is almoſt the only part of this rock of ſtones worth ſeeing. On an high broken cliff hang the ruins of ſome very ancient building, which the people of the iſland call Bow and Arrow Caſtle, or Rufus' Caſtle. Beneath, but ſtill high above the ſea, are the half-fallen arches and pillars of an old church, and around are ſcattered the remains of tomb-ſtones, and almoſt obliterated memorials of the dead. Theſe verſes were written for, and firſt inſerted in, a Novel, called Marchmont; and the cloſe alludes to the circumſtance of the ſtory related in the Novel.

VERSES

Suppoſed to have been written in the New Foreſt, in early Spring.

Theſe are from the Novel of Marchmont.

Line 1.

As in the woods where leathery lichen weaves
Its wint'ry web among the ſallow leaves.

Moſſes and lichens are the firſt efforts of Nature to clothe the earth: as they decay, they form an earth that affords nouriſhment to the larger and more ſucculent vegetables: ſeveral ſpecies of lichen are found in the woods, ſpringing up among the dead leaves, under the drip of foreſt trees: theſe, and the withered foliage of preceding years, afford ſhelter to the earlieſt wild flowers about the ſkirts of woods, and in hedge-rows and copſes.

The Pile-wort (Ranuncula Ficaria) and the Wood Anemone (Anemone Nemeroſa) or Wind-flower, blow

in the woods and copſes. Of this latter beautiful ſpecies there is in Oxfordſhire a blue one, growing wild, (Anemone pratenſis pedunculo involucrato, petalis apice reflexis foliis bipinnatis——Lin. Sp. Pl. 760.) It is found in Whichwood Foreſt, near Cornbury quarry. (Vide Flora Oxonienſis). I do not mention this by way of exhibiting botanical knowledge (ſo eaſy to poſſeſs in appearance) but becauſe I never ſaw the Blue Anemone wild in any other place, and it is a flower of ſingular beauty and elegance.

Line 11.

Uncultured bells of azure Jacynths blow.

Hyacinthus non ſcriptus—a Hare-bell.

Line 12.

And the breeze-ſcenting Violet lurks below.

To the Violet there needs no note, it being like the Nightingale and the Roſe, in *conſtant requiſition* by the poets.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A free tranſlation of a favourite French ſong.

" Un jour me demandoit Hortenſe
" Ou ſe trouve le tendre amour ?"

APOSTROPHE

TO AN OLD TREE.

The philoſophy of theſe few lines may not be very correct, ſince moſſes are known to injure the ſtems and branches of trees to which they adhere; but the images of Poetry cannot always be exactly adjuſted to objects of Natural Hiſtory.

Line 4.

——— fronds of ſtudded moſs.

The foliage, if it may be ſo called, of this race of plants, is termed fronds; and their flowers, or fructi-

fication, aſſume the ſhapes of cups and ſhields; of thoſe of this deſcription, more particularly adhering to trees, is Lichen Pulmonarius, Lungwort Lichen, with *ſhields*; the Lichen Caperatus, with red cups; and many others which it would look like pedantry to enumerate.

Line 9.

The Woodbine and the Clematis are well known plants, ornamenting our hedge-rows in Summer with fragrant flowers.

Line 12.

Nightſhade, (Solanum Lignoſum) Woody Nightſhade, is one of the moſt beautiful of its tribe.

Page 59. Line 1.

The ſilver weed, whoſe corded fillets wove.

The ſilver weed, Convolvulus Major (Raii Syn. 275) or greater Bind-weed, which, however the beauty of the flowers may enliven the garden or the wilds, is ſo prejudicial to the gardener and farmer, that it is

ſeen by them with diſlike equal to the difficulty of extirpating it from the ſoil. Its cord-like ſtalks, plaited together, can hardly be forced from the branches round which they have twined themſelves.

THE FOREST BOY.

Late circumſtances have given riſe to many mournful hiſtories like this, which may well be ſaid to be founded in truth!——*I*, who have been ſo ſad a ſufferer in this miſerable conteſt, may well *endeavour* to aſſociate myſelf with thoſe who apply what powers they have to deprecate the horrors of war. Gracious God! will mankind never be reaſonable enough to underſtand that all the miſeries which our condition ſubjects us to, are light in compariſon of what we bring upon ourſelves by indulging the folly and wickedneſs of thoſe who make nations deſtroy each other for *their* diverſion, or to adminiſter to their ſenſeleſs ambition.

——————If the ſtroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none elſe—
If they that make the cauſe might taſte th'effect,
And drink themſelves the bitter cup they mix;
Then might the Bard (the child of peace) delight
To twine freſh wreaths around the conqueror's brow;
Or haply ſtrike his high-toned harp, to ſwell
The trumpet's martial ſound, and bid them on
When *Juſtice* arms for vengeance; but, alas!
That undiſtinguiſhing and deathful ſtorm
Beats heavieſt on the expoſed and innocent;
And they that ſtir its fury, while it raves,
Safe and at diſtance ſend their mandates forth
Unto the mortal miniſters that wait
To do their bidding!—— *Crowe.*

I have in theſe ſtanzas, entitled the Foreſt Boy, attempted the meaſure ſo ſucceſsfully adopted in one of the poems of a popular novel, and ſo happily imitated by Mr. Southey in "Poor Mary."

ODE TO THE POPPY.

This and the following Poem were written (the firſt of them at my requeſt, for a Novel) by a lady whoſe death in her thirty-ſixth year was a ſubject of the deepeſt concern to all who knew her.

Would to God the laſt line which *my* regret on that loſs drew from me, had been prophetic—and that *my* heart had indeed been cold, inſtead of having ſuffered within the next twelve months after that line was written, a deprivation which has rendered *my* life a living death.

APRIL.

Line 4.

From their moſs'd cradles, &c.

The Oak, and, in ſheltered ſituations, the Beech, retain the leaves of the preceding year till the new foliage appears.

The return of the Spring, which awakens many to new ſentiments of pleaſure, now ſerves only to remind *me* of paſt miſery.

This ſenſation is common to the wretched—and too many Poets have felt it in all its force.

" Zefiro torno, e'l bel tempo rimena,
" E i fiori, e l'erbe, ſua dolce famiglia; &c. &c.
——" Ma per me laſſo!"—

Petrarch on the Death of Laura.

And theſe lines of Guarini have always been celebrated.

" O primavera gioventù dell' anno,
" Bella madre di fiori
" D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori;
" Tu torni ben, ma teco
" Non tornano i ſereni
" E fortunati di, delle mie gioje;

"Tu torni ben, tu torni,
"Ma teco altro non torna
"Che del perduto mio caro teſoro,
"La rimembranza miſera e dolente."

ODE TO DEATH.

From the following ſentence in Lord Bacon's Eſſays.

"Death is no ſuch formidable enemy, ſince a man "has ſo many champions about him that can win the "combat of him—Revenge triumphs over Death; "Love ſlights it; Honour courts it; Dread of Diſ-"grace chooſes it; Grief flies to it; Fear anticipates "it."

LYDIA.

The Juniper and the Yew are almoſt the only trees that grow ſpontaneouſly on the higheſt chalky hills, and they are often ragged and ſtunted by the violence of the wind.

Some of the moſt elevated mounds of earth on theſe hills are ſea-marks, and have formerly ſurrounded beacons; others are conſidered as memorials of the dead, and are called Saxon, Daniſh, or Roman, according to the ſyſtems of different obſervers.

Page 107. Line 6.

But the red flames of burning lime.

From eminences in thoſe countries where lime is burnt as a manure, a chain of lime kilns for many miles may be ſometimes ſeen, which blazing amid the doubtful darkneſs of an extenſive landſcape, have a fine effect.

Page 107. Line 7.

The Horſeman's ghoſt.

Some years ago a ſtrange notion prevailed among the people occaſionally paſſing over one of the higheſt of the South Downs, that a man on horſeback was often ſeen coming towards thoſe who were returning from market on Saturday evening. This appearance,

the noiſe of whoſe horſe's feet they diſtinctly heard, vaniſhed as ſoon as it came within an hundred yards of the paſſengers who often tried to meet it. At other times it was ſeen following them. They have ſtopped to let it approach, but it always melted into air. I have been preſent when a farmer not otherwiſe particularly weak or ignorant, ſaid, that he had ſeen it, and diſtinctly heard the horſe galloping towards him.

Page 108. Line 2.

Her ſilver pathway on the ſea.

The bright luſtre of the moon reflected from the ſea, is almoſt as diſtinctly viſible from the Downs as the moon itſelf; forming a long line of radiance from the horizon to the ſhore.

THE END.

Printed by R. Noble,
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Directions for placing the Plates.

The Portrait to face the Title Page.

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